

## 40 Miles from the Sun

Bush

There is nowhere left to hide  
There is nothing to be done  
No people to be saved  
No pets we've never names  
40 miles from the sun

As darkness craves the mind  
We come undone without our pride  
No time on the earth to come  
All the pleasures just begun  
40 miles from the sun

In our coats beneath the layers  
Wash my skin of all the hate  
We should sleep late  
Everything just kind of grates  
40 miles from the sun  
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I need to lose to make it right  
I'll confront the stars tonight  
I will babble I will bite  
You will never know how much you shine  
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